

Guru Nanak Shah Faqeer
Hindu Ka Guru
Musalman Ka Pir

And this epithet hued in divine spirit and truth rings through out the Hindu and Muslim lands conveying to the peoples that Guru Nanak (1469-1579), only One God's messenger, was loved not only by his co-religionists, as elsewhere, but also was loved and worshipped by those who dubbed his fraternity as *kafirs, duzd*, pagan and gentile.

And this truth bears evidence that the prophets that preceded Guru Nanak's advent tended only their own cows, horses, goats, sheep and camels did not extend, without dividend, their Brahma's, Rama's, Krishna's, Urmuzd's, Yahwa's, Tao's, and Allah's love and message which they brought down from their respective Makers—though in reality only One and pervades on all sides and the Holy Qura'n says:—

"*Wa Lillaahel Mashrico
Maghrib Fa Aenama Fa
Tawallo Summa Wajhu
Lah.*"

(Sura II-115)

Unto Allah belongs the east and the west and whither ye turn, there is Allah's countenance. Lo: Allah is all knowing.

Every prophet before he commenced turning man into *devia-frishia*—angel was a tender of cattle. Guru Nanak was a haffloer.

And if I delve into the interpretations of what I have said above there is apprehension of my digression from the subject of Guru Nanak being a King of Mystics; a *Dewaana*—a *Bowra*, of his *Saha*—bridegroom, beyond *Jagraa* and *Maraa*—age and death—ever a blooming youth—like Rama and Krishna, sans beard with only a tuft of hair on the crown: And Hazrat Mohammad witnesses this wonderful Entity during his Mairraaj—rising to *Arsh-e-Barien*—Seventh Heaven, from the Dome of Rock mosque in the ancient Temple of Jerusalem. And a Hadis reads:—

*Wa Raayto Rabbi Fi Ahasane
Soortin*

*Wa Raayato Rabbi Sooretin
Marde Qasem* (Hadis)

I beheld my Parvardigaar sustainer in the form of a young man who was beardless with only curly tresses.

Guru Nanak after his Mysterious Encounter with his *Waheguru*—the Wonderful English-tener, during one night in the yet unfathomed, 72 hours of yogic disappearance in Sultanpur Lodhi, in the woods and jungles beside river Vaini (Punjahi version of Tribaini), in his state of *Vismas*d—mental self-alienation, in absorption in *Jalaal*—and *Jamaal*—house where his parents, family and the Nawaah of the town were mad in search of him, hut

GURU NANAK KING OF MYSTICS

By : Gyani BRAHMA SINGH 'BRAHMA', Ajmer

straight away repaired to the grave yard and cried aloud—
"There is no Hindu—there is no Musalman—all mankind equal and casteless before the only one Absolute—*Anaami* Namless though with numerous names. And *Gurubaani* says :

*Sahib mera Eko hai—Eko hai
—Bhai eko hai*

And onwards for Guru Nanak his *Waheguru* is One and all mankind his Brothers. This ends in the cardinal code of the Sikh faith—One God And One Brotherhood of Man.

And *shabd Waheguru*—the *Shabd Brahma*—became *Mahamantram* a *bohiti*—a boat for them to ferry over the ocean of Transmigration with Hindus' 84 lacs Yonis and with Muslims' 70 thousand *Hajaab* (blinds).

In this very state of ecstasy—self-forgetfulness during his travels over the world Guru Nanak spake :—

*Bhaya Dewaana Saha Ka
Nanak Bowraana* (AD-91)

Nanak hath run mad for his Lord or lost in Him. A Majoob in Sufistic terminology—*one absorbed in Him.*

And this utter state of self-alienation-merger of human soul in All Soul, it is likened in the estimation of Bhaktas, Sufis and Mystics to the conjugal love where in the extreme moment a bridegroom loses himself in the bride and Guru Baani explains:—

*Is jag mein Purush aik hai
hore sagli naar sabaaeeye
Sab ghat bhaogvaye Alakh na
lakheya jaaeye.* (AG. 591)

In this universe there resides only One Man

The rest are all women :
Conjugally He enjoys all:
Ever inscurtable—and unfathomable.

Equally a Hadis reads:—

*Al Aulio Orsulalla Wal
Yerial Araissallah Al Aaranu*
The Aulia know themselves as Brides of Allah and secrets of brides know only their bridegroom.

Also Bradhnayaka Upanishad witnesses this :—

As a man when in the embrace of women knows nothing within and without, so a bhakta (sufi-mystic) in the embrace of his Intangible Soul knows nothing within and without of sorrow.

And this *Mahamantra*—*Guru Mantra*—Mystic Syllable *Waheguru*—is very sparingly used in the Sikh Scriptures. Its, so called, Upanishadic substitutes—*Shabd* and *Naam* are very frequently used to indicate *Shabd Brahma* or *Primeval God*—*Parvno Om* or *Ekankaara*.

And *Waheguru's* Mystic Guru Nanak deserted his home, his parents, his consort and two child sons and taking his childhood mate a life long companion, Bhai Mardaana—a Sufi minstrel to sing paeans of his Lord, calling himself a *Dhaadi*—a hard and *Wanjaara*—a peddler of the Divine Merchandise and he sings in his deep ecstasy—

*Haun Vanjaara Shaha kaa
Tera Naam Vakhar Vaapaar
jeo.*

O my Lord—I am the Saudaagar—Thy Name is my merchandise.

And this mystic *Arshi Gandharab*—Singer—*Qawwaal*—with his Sufi minstrel, with his plying instrument, *rehhec*—*Rahaah*, *Rab-Aab*; alchemised and sweetened stringed instrument, spanned singing praises of Allah over mountains, seas, deserts and oases, peddling on foot, in those days of no locomotion contrivances, from *Lahasha* to *Lanka*, *Burma* to *Baghdad*, through shimmering sands of Arabian deserte. And what he sang was a revelation, *Gurbaani*—*Guru's Vaani*. *Khasam-Ki-Baani*, Voice of the Husband: *Dhur-Ki-Baani* Voice of Beyond; *Sout-e-Sarmadi*—Allah's Voice;—for the mankind; 947 hymns, now forming a part of the Sikh Scriptures, *Guru Granth Sahib*. And of its glory and glorious unparalleled future world historian Dr. Toynbee writes:—

"Mankind's religious future may be obscure, yet one thing may be foreseen, the living higher religions are going to influence each other more than before in these days of increasing communication between all parts of the world and its human race. In this religious debate, the Sikh religion and its Scripture—*Adi-Granth*, will have something special to say to the rest of the world.

And "its builders were bold prophets and pontifs of untiring energy" in the words of J.M. Chatterjee.

And the Rabaab had a couple of millennia's old history behind it; on which were lilted *Virah*, *Firaaq*, *Judaaye*, love separation songs in the mountains and woods

of Tajikistan by great Sufi saints like *Saad*, *Saami*, *Firdausi* and *Rumi*. *Guru Nanak's* carrying Bhai Mardaana, a great Sufi minstrel was on purpose since he had planned to visit lands of such great Sufi poets.

Sir Toynbee's conspicuous mention of *Adi-Granth's* glory and glorious future has infallible deep interpretation in it. The *Adi Granth* does not enshrine only divine utterances of the Sikh Gurus. It was the first time in the annals of religious movement in *Aryavarta* that the spiritual outpourings and yearning of human heart for its source of India's speechless, downtrodden humanity, the untouchables, *melechhas* and *sudras*, *Koris*, *Cobblers*, *Barbers* and *Butchers* for their *Rama* and *Hari*, *Krishna* and *Beethal*, were placed on the same pedestal with the high class Gurus, Sufi saints, *Bhaktas* and *Bhats* in their native dialects. All these 1430 pages in *Gurmukhi* script of 1894 hymns are *Guru Baani* for all *Nanak Panthis*, a place of reverence and guidance in all walks of life.

And this state of *Dewaangi-Bowraangi* is born of *Virha* in a devotee, a *hhakat*, a mystic, a *sufi*, when in his utter *mujahedatappasseya*—devotion there is inordinate delay in the *visaalmilaap*—embrace of the Cosmic Beloved and the devotees expectations of *tajjali*—glimpse are unrealised. An injury to his psyche leads to spiritual wrath and disappointment and disparagement shrouds him—This state mostly events one glimpse and the "Black Night" that follows.

And look, in one such a situation, the great mystic of the time, *Guru Nanak* cogitating—*Mein Jehaan Ghan Cherian*—numberless maidens woo Thee, my Beloved'; taking Him to have been usurped by some other *raaqeeb*—spiritual *Saukan*—other wife—laments and tells herself (a bride), 'Do away with all thy hedeckoning - *shingaar*—because thy Beloved has gone for a spiritual conjugation with some one another.' And the following such a lament in *Guru Granth Sahib* speaks of his *dewaangi* or state of ecstasy. A King of Mystics.

And this heart rending and psyche lacerating moment is appreciated only by one who has suffered the pain and his tears *ashak-ashroo - hanju-athroo* - flow like *Gangas* unstopped for hours "like *Mein Roranna*".

*Choorian bhann plung seon
Mundhay san baahae san
baaha*

*Etaf vaais kradeya Mundhay
Sauh raata avraah;*

*Na manayaar na choorian na
say vangaryaana*

*Jo Sauh kanth na laggyaan
jalan say baaharyaana;*

*Main rovanee sabh jag runnan
runnaray vanoun pankherou*

*Eik na runnan meray tan ka
birhs jit haun Pirhey vich-
hareye.*

(Hymn incomplete—AG-557)

Break thy hangles
O youthful woman.
And thy arms
And the arms (sides) of thy
beadstead too:
'Cause despite thy bedizen-
ment
O youthful woman
Others have shared
The hed with thy Beloved.
There is neither the manyaar,
(Bangle dealer, Beloved here)
Nor the hracelets
(any hangles)
Not the hangles;
(fine bangles)
The arms that encircled
nought
The Beloved's neck
Better burnt they be :
I wept
The universe wept with me,
The feathered citizen of the
forest

(Alas-Alghias—Dohahee)

The Virah of my fleshy frame
Did not weep with me.

None can tell, when and
where in the forests of India, in
the woods and dunes of West
Asia, in the thick jungles of
Lanka, along the mountain caves
of Tihet, Guru Nanak poured
forth this ravishing and unfading
lament, uncoolable with the cool-
ness of the moon, the paste of the
sandal tree, and winter's chill
deep in *soz, jalan, dard*, pain of
Virah, *firaag, judaaeye*, the
Merciless Divider of the lover
from the Beloved and edifier of a
shroud around him of the Black
Night when all hopes of *visaal*—
embrace, are deadened for him.

This is when a Sufi, *hhakat*,
mystic, *gurmukh*, has closed all
earthly doors on himself and in
utter dauntless and disparage-
ment, mad in spiritual wrath,
hames himself, with dripping
eyes, striking hard with his hands
and head forehead at the Belov-
ed's Door and then the Beloved
may fold up the shroud of Black
Night of separation and a
moment of *visaal*—embrace—he
blessed. But it is very very hard
experiment.

This is enough for those who
comprehend what is the pain of
love and a lament for an embrace.
Sufi, mystic and Bhakta literature
brims over such laments and
experiments. And see Mystic
Experiment below.

The Mystic Experience—
Emily Bronts writes:—

But first, a hush of peace,
a soundless calm descends
The struggle of distress, fierce
impatient ends,
Mute music seeths my hreast,
unuttered harmony
That I could never dream, till
earth was lost to me.
Then dawns the invisihle the
Unseen its truth reveals :
My outward sense is gone, my
inward essence feels :

Its wings are almost free, its
harbour found,
Measuring the gulf, it stoops
and dares the final hound.
The suffering :
Oh ! dreadful is the check,
intense the agony;
When the ear begins to hear,
and the eye begins to see:
When the pulse begins to
throb, the brain to think
again :
The soul to feel the flesh, and
flesh to feel the chain.
Yes: I will lose, would wish
no torture leads :
The more the anguish racks,
the earlier it will bless:
And rohed in fires of Hell
right with heavenly shine,
If it but herald death, the
vision is divine.
The Vision :
O God within my hreast :
Almighty ever present Diety:
Life: that in me has rest,

As I, undying Life, power in
Thee.
With wide embracing love,
The Spirit animates eternal
years,
Pervades and hroods above,
Changes, sustains, devolves,
creates and rears :
Though earth and moon were
gone,
And suns and universes ceased
to be,
And Thou were left alone
Every existence would exist in
Thee.
There is no room for death,
Nor atom that his might
could render void :
Thou, Thou, art Being and
Breath,
And what Thou art may never
he destroyed.
The response :
Strange Power: I trust Thy
might, Thou my constancy.

And in utter pain and dispar-
agement the scribe lamented:—
*Tore do kawaar aur phaar da-
hajaab sanray*
*Lay laynay do mujhay eik
jhalak mahey jabeen yaar-
kee*
*Brahma bhugat loongaa sazaa
baa'd mein is tore phaar kee*
*Abhi to jee bharkay pee laynay-
do meyey rangeen peyaur-
kee.*
Pray: Knock out all the doors..
And tear off all the blinds,
Let me enjoy a vision
Of my Beloved's moony face:
I shall hear the mulct
Of all the knocking and the-
tearing.
Let me for now at least drink
The colourful wine of His
love. (Brahma)
(Based on Scribe's "Hazrat
Miyān Mir—His Life
and Mission"—in print
in Patiala).

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